

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

How a Girl Felt Sorry for a Man Who Couldn't Go Over There And What Happened

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CHAPTER I. THE SLACKER.

WITH THE AMERICAN CONTINGENT, OCT.—1917.

Mother: I AM stiff with mud from the knees down, and stiff with cold from the knees up. I've just finished my shift of dixie-carrying for the company cook. I've been at it ever since we were dismissed from parade an hour ago. And now I haven't a lick of work to do till supper.

When I was turned out of my nice warm mud-and-water bed, at dawn, I swore I'd spend my first free hour in snoring. But some kind, attentive German gentlemen are amusing themselves by bombarding our position. And in spite of living for ten years within a block of the "L" I can't get used to sleeping during a bombardment. Some of the boys can't.

So I'm filling in the spare hour by a letter home. I've had time, so far, to write you only a flight of snappy little notes. You see, to a newcomer who really wants to learn his trade out here there are so many million things to be done and seen and studied that even in off-hours there isn't time for much else.

To-day, though, I'm going to try to do better in the way of letter writing, partly because I know it will make you glad, partly because I'm homesick for a sight of your blessed face—and you and I seem to be so much nearer to each other when I'm writing to you or reading one of your dear letters. So here goes.

But before I start in I want to set your mind at rest about the first lines of this letter. You always used to worry so when I went out on rainy days without overshoes and when I didn't put on my winter flannels by mid-October that I can see your eyebrows pucker and your mouth tremble when you read what I just said about mud and cold.

Yes, there's lots of mud—oceans and oceans of it—red, or black, or yellow, as the soil happens to be. Mud and water, too. For the heavy firing seems to bring down the rain. And it's not tropically warm in Northern France this time of year.

But, somehow, it doesn't seem to give us colds or rheumatism or take away our appetites or harm us in any way at all. One chap told me it's because we are fighting for liberty. But I've figured it out less poetically. I think it's because we're hard as nails and trained to the minute and get lots of exercise, and because we live

five years with the old regiment. Why should I go back to the service? I said something of this to you, you'll remember. You didn't try to urge me one way or the other. You just smiled that sweet smile of yours and said:

"You know best, dear boy."

"I DIDN'T 'know best.' But I think I do now."

Men at the office and at lots of other places used to ask me if I was going to enlist. They seemed to take it for granted that my National Guard ex-



"I'M GOING TO TRY TO DO BETTER IN THE WAY OF LETTER WRITING"

perience would make me want to. I When there first was talk of a draft I always answered them as I had answered you, only even more curtly. They didn't say much in reply when I told them I wasn't going. In fact, the best of them used to shut up and not say anything at all. One of two fellows whom I'd always looked down on as "bums" even praised me. And just, somehow, made me sore. Little Herz actually clapped me on the back and declared:

"Good for you, Garth! That's the love with my kindergarten teacher."

true spirit. A man owes more to his job and his family than he owes to the hordes they call "Patriotism!"

He said it with a German accent, too. I felt a yearning to kick him. I didn't know why. But I know now. I was a little proud of my sane businesslike common sense, in the face of so much patriotic excitement. And I grew all the more resolved not to go.

(BEING THE LETTERS OF STACY GARTH, FORMERLY OF WEST EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, AND NOW A BUCK PRIVATE OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION, "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE." WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER, WHO, LIKE ALL LOVING WOMEN, MUST BEAR THE SHARPEST BURDEN OF THE WAR, HERE AT HOME, WORKING AND-WAITING!)

But I don't think I ever spoke to you about Adele. You see, for some queer reason it wasn't easy to speak about her. It isn't easy to write about her. I don't know quite why, except—well, you will have ideas of your own about my reason. And as I've never learned how to lie to you I won't begin now by denying you're right.

Adele is—or was—the boss's private secretary down at the office. I don't know just how to describe her, except that she has eyes that are two sizes too big for her dainty little face, and a mountain of shimmery bronze hair piled high above her white forehead. She isn't even tall enough for the top of her head to touch my outstretched arm when she walks under it. (No, I never tested this, but I've computed it. So I know.)

For the rest, those big dark eyes of hers always made me feel, somehow, as if I was in church. And her voice—well, you can't get any idea of it until you've heard it. It's a little like a child's, but more like an angel's. And it has the adorable French accent you ever heard.

No, don't get the notion from all this that she's a fluff-brained baby. She isn't. She has the brain and the soul and the heart of a Joan of Arc, under all her fluffy dainty exterior. And the boss says she's the most efficient secretary he ever had.

I used to steal time from lunch hour to go to her desk for a chat when the boss went out to eat. I always used to think of brilliant things to say to her, before-hand. Then, the minute she'd turn those wonderful eyes of hers on me, I'd stand there looking about as impressive as a boiled calf's head, and stammering out a lot of flat commonplaces. I wonder it didn't make her laugh in my face.

But she was ever so sweet and gracious about it. And after a while I got to feeling more like a man and less like a fool when we talked together. By and by she even let me call on her, at her home, once or twice. It was the kind of home I had known she'd have. It was over in the French quarter, and up a mile of stairs, and there were only three rooms to it. But it had a style and taste and refinement to it that all the cash in the world couldn't have improved on.

She lived there with her grandmother, who was ever so old and bedridden. It seems Adele had promised her dead mother to take care of the poor old woman as long as she lived. And she kept her promise to the spirit as well as to the letter. She was nurse

Original Fashion Designs For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick

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Distinctive Frocks of Simple Cut

THERE are many ways of creating an air of distinction about a frock, all of them requiring a certain amount of taste and individuality. One of the easiest for an amateur is the introduction of some unusual contrasting fabric or color. This must be done discriminatingly, and should not be so extreme as to offend good taste.

For instance, who could resist the charm of crisp white organdy in company with soft black velvet, seen peeping as a ruffled edge from pocket slits or across the slash ends? Who would deny the appeal of pale colored organdy with dark wool velvet or duvetyne?

As for my design of to-day, light green linen is suggested for chemise, collar and cuffs in a black velvet frock, with black wool embroidery finishing the edges of the linen parts. The effect of this dress is that of a one-piece garment with the belt slipping under the box plaits in front. The skirt yoke is therefore

supposed to be cut in one with the waist, though if more convenient it may be cut separately. The pockets which are inserted in this yoke section serve as convenient terminals for the wide box plaits on the waist. These box plaits, attached separately, start from the waistline in back and pass over the shoulders, being stitched in wide tuck effect, to correspond with the finish of the wide band on the bottom of the skirt.

It will be noted that the sides of the skirt are gathered slightly into the yoke, while the front and back are plain.

The woman with a stout or athletic figure will find this design especially becoming. Dark blue serge with dull blue organdy or linen is another attractive suggestion.

Answers to Queries

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

I would like your advice about a black velvet sport coat. Could you suggest a sporty style which at the same time would have fitted lines, as I am partial to this style. Am 5 ft. 5 in. tall, of good proportions. Have a side plaited cream serge skirt which I shall wear with the coat.

MRS. C.

This style would be smart trimmed with black and white check or plaid.

Fashion Editor, The Evening World:

I am thirty-eight years old, have gray hair, hazel eyes, black eyebrows, good complexion. Would you suggest color and design for a pretty serge dress?

MRS. J.

Dark blue is always pretty. This design has gray satin vest, and a gray satin collar embroidered with dark buck red or purple worsted.

To Miss G. H.: This design would be suitable for your black satin, using purple velvet in vest, etc.



SEE DESCRIPTION FOR DETAILS IN MAKING THIS DRESS.

World like a Gown gets dress which will be easy to make, as I am inexperienced. Have two lengths of colored embroidered banding, each 1 1/2 yards long, like sample. One length is 2 1/2 inches wide, the other 1 3/4 inches wide. Would like to use these. Am 5 feet 7 inches tall, very thin. Have reddish hair, brown eyes, light complexion.

G. J.

Dull blue or tanorgette would be pretty and becoming with your trimming.



Deep Breathing FOR Health and Beauty

BY PAULINE FURLONG.

The Fundamental Principle of Health and Beauty

THE fundamental principle of health is deep breathing of fresh, pure air, and without it beauty of face and form is impossible. We may live many days without food or drink, but only a very few minutes without air. Therefore fresh air is more important even than liquid and solid foods for the body.

The ordinary manner of shallow, indifferent breathing, which is the habit of most persons, gives to the body just about enough air to keep it alive, but much more than this is necessary for superb health and good looks.

Most of my regular readers remember that I have told them that the tissues and muscles feed on the blood, and the blood must have oxygen, which is taken into the body through the lungs, to nourish and keep it in pure, healthful condition.

In this deep breathing series, which so many readers have written and asked me to write, I shall outline some simple deep breathing exercises which are possible for persons in all walks of life and of all ages to follow with great benefits.

Fat women and thin women, speakers, singers, athletes—in fact, every one—needs pure, fresh air in the lungs, and deep, regular breathing should be cultivated and made a habit by all.

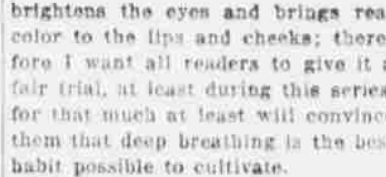
The habit of deep breathing of fresh air is the great cure for most all ills, especially of the throat, nose and lungs, and certainly the preventive of many also. It is the best cosmetic obtainable, because it purifies the blood and hastens its action.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

CHICKEN POX—MRS. EDNA D.: You may recognize this contagious disease by pimples and eruption on the child and it is best for you to consult a doctor if you have any doubt as to the ailment from which the child is suffering. The child should not be allowed to go out of doors and, while the disease is contagious, quarantine is not essential.

LUMPS UNDER THE SKIN—M. R.: Massage with a massage roller, sweat baths, clean system, active skin, light diet, outdoor exercise,

Standing in position illustrated, inhale slowly and gently until waist expands.



brightens the eyes and brings real color to the lips and cheeks; therefore I want all readers to give it a fair trial, at least during this series, for that much at least will convince them that deep breathing is the best habit possible to cultivate.

We shall start with a simple test exercise: Stand with heels nearly together, weight forward, shoulders back, abdomen in, hands at sides of waist, as illustrated. Inhale slowly and gently until the waist expands and the fingers are slightly separated. Repeat about ten times. Do not hold the breath. If you can breathe deep enough to pull the fingers apart about two inches you are using your full lung capacity.

will remove and prevent these small bumps, like pimples, under the skin.

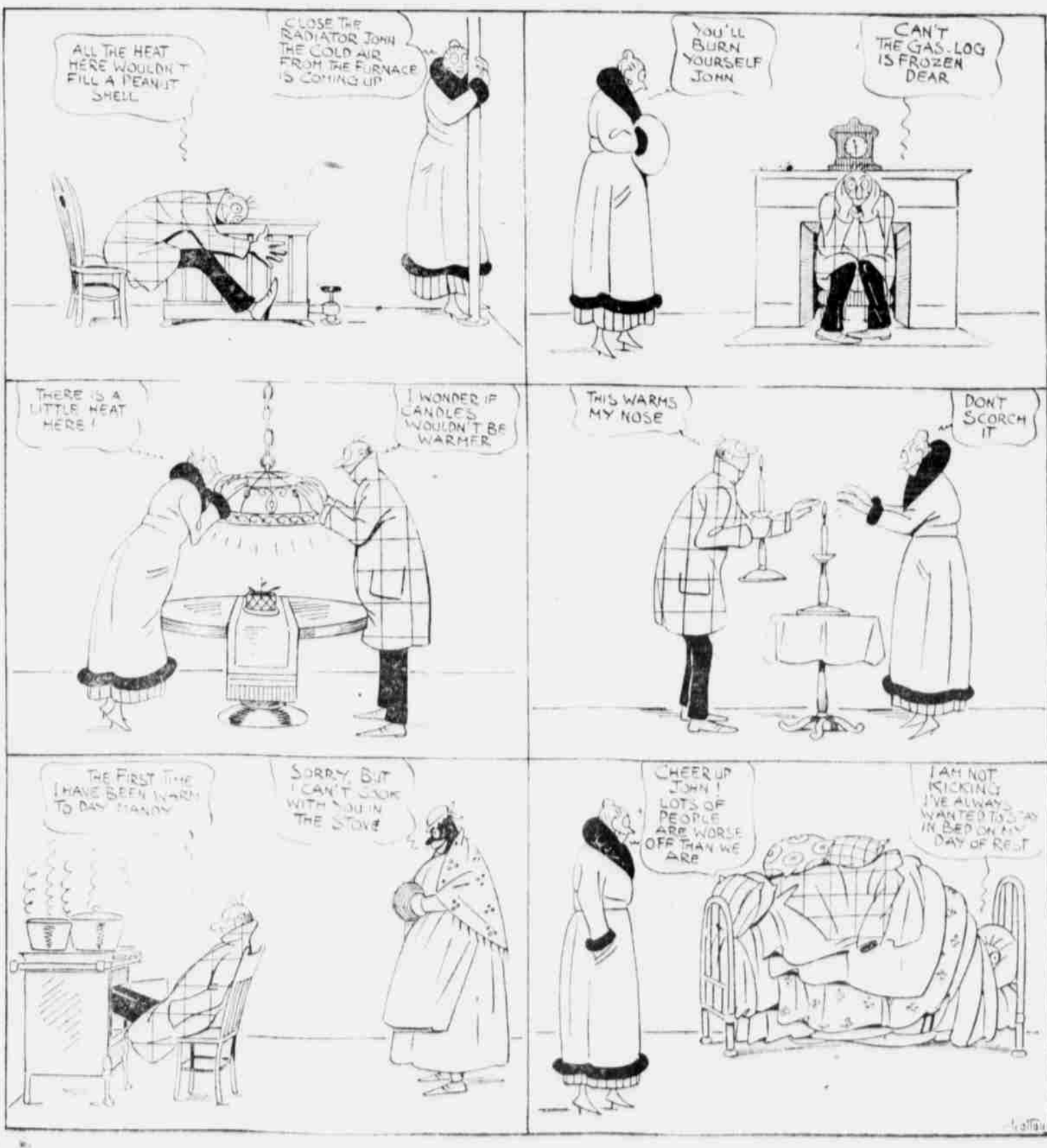
GOOD SOAPS FOR SKIN—MRS. H. N. B.: Use glycerine soap if the skin is oily and castile (if any) on dry skin. Use water sparingly on dry skin and never very hot water.

BRITTLE NAILS—KATE T.: Since you use the typewriter constantly and your nails are so brittle, you should file them very short to prevent them from breaking. Massage them with cocoa butter at night.

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



For the Housewife's Scrapbook

FOR a change, core apples and fill cavity with chopped dates and figs, instead of sugar, and then bake.

Why not use the ledge inside of the furnace for cooking? Potatoes roast beautifully there and many baked dishes can be deliciously prepared in this way. It helps in the conserving of fuel.

If you add a little paraffin to the scrub water when cleaning linoleum you will find it a help in removing grease spots and it gives the linoleum a fine polish.

Wax the waxed wrappers from the bread. On ironing day rub the iron over this each time before using and they will work more smoothly.

After using cold starch let it stand and settle; then pour off the water and dry the starch in a cooking oven—at night is a good time for this. It will thus serve for another starching.

Sprinkle salt in the pan before frying fish and it will not stick to the pan.

Soak a new broom in hot strong salt water—it will then last much longer.

If tobacco odors are objectionable place a large vessel of water in the room where smoking has been in-

duced in and let it stand over night. By morning all traces of tobacco smell will have disappeared.

Do not blacken your gas stove.

Instead rub over with olive oil. It is easier and keeps the stove nice and black. The nickel parts can be kept bright by rubbing with cloth dipped in kerosene oil.

To remove machine stains from bed linen apply a paste of fuller's earth and ammonia over the spot. Place a saucer under and moisten with more ammonia. Afterward rub stains well and wash in cold water before soaping and washing in usual way.

If you heat the surface of the knife board you will be able to clean cutlery in half the usual time.

Use empty catnip bottles for clothes sprinklers. Screw top on and puncture holes in it.

A TEA PARTY WITHOUT TEA. THREE meals a day are enough for any of us. When we add another meal to the three we are using just so much food which we do not need, and somebody else needs badly. When you ask your friends in for the afternoon invite them to a talk and work party, not a tea party.

Let it be known that you have taken a stand against the extra meal and be proud of doing what you consider right. Don't be apologetic for lack of refreshments, treat it as a matter of course, and do it to the same spirit that you knit socks or sweaters for the soldiers.